for love and goodwill

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/2190459.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	F/M
Fandom:	Kill la Kill
Relationship:	Mankanshoku Barazou/Mankanshoku Sukuyo
Characters:	Mankanshoku Barazou, Mankanshoku Sukuyo
Additional Tags:	Canon Relationships, Childhood Sweethearts
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2014-08-24 Words: 518 Chapters: 1/1

for love and goodwill

by TrekFaerie

Summary

A young Sukuyo leaves school one day to find Barazo waiting for her on his bicycle.

Notes

I like to imagine that the slums and high school were already there before Satsuki built Honnouji on top of it all.

“Sukuyo-chan! Sukuyo-chan!”

Sukuyo paused with one foot still on the trolley and looked up. Sitting on his bike at the end of the street was Barazo, sweating profusely and clearly out of breath… He was what Sukuyo’s mom would sometimes very generously call “husky,” so she knew that whatever he had chased her down for had to be very important. She just had no idea what it was.

With both feet off the trolley, she finally remembered that Barazo wasn’t even supposed to be in Kanto in the first place!

“Barazo-kun!” She dropped her books to the ground so she could put her hands on her hips and frown at him disapprovingly. “What are you doing here? You’re supposed to be at school all the way in Kyoto! Don’t tell me you rode from there all the way to here just to see me!”

It took him a short while to catch his breath, but the red color finally started to leave his face and he was able to talk again. “No, but I’ve been riding since my house,” he said, sounding as if his house was nearly as far away as Kyoto, instead of hardly five blocks away from the station. “I wanted you to know first…” A dramatic look. “I’ve been kicked out of medical school.”

She gasped. “But, why?” she asked. “You were doing so well!”

“Well, uh, yeah, well…” The red color had returned to his face. “Don’t ask about specifics! You just need to know that it’s definitely not my fault, I didn’t do it, it’s not even technically a felony anyway, and the guys at that school are fat jerks!”

She ran over and hugged him, nearly knocking over his bike with the force. “I’m so sorry, Barazo-kun,” she said tearfully. “I know how much you were looking forward to being a doctor!”

“Oh, I never cared about being a doctor or anything. I just wanted to make money.” They parted, but his large hands stayed on her thin shoulders. “I wanted to make lots of money so your father would let me marry you. He told me that he wants his daughter to marry a rich man, because it’s not fair for a beautiful girl like you to be stuck here in the slums with some stupid lazy bum!”

“Oh, Barazo-kun…” She leaned forward and kissed him lightly on the lips. “Forget what Daddy says. I’d rather live my whole life in the slums with you, a stupid lazy bum that I love more than anything in the whole world, than live in a mansion with some rich jerk like those doctors at your school.”

He reddened once more. She liked the color. “Sukuyo-chan…” He coughed loudly, trying to regain his composure. “Want a ride home on my handlebars? I’m going that way anyway.”

“Sure thing!” And though, as she picked up her schoolbooks and climbed onto the handlebars on his bike, that Barazo was giving her a ride mainly because he wanted to look up her skirt the whole ride home, she still thought it was a very sweet gesture.

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